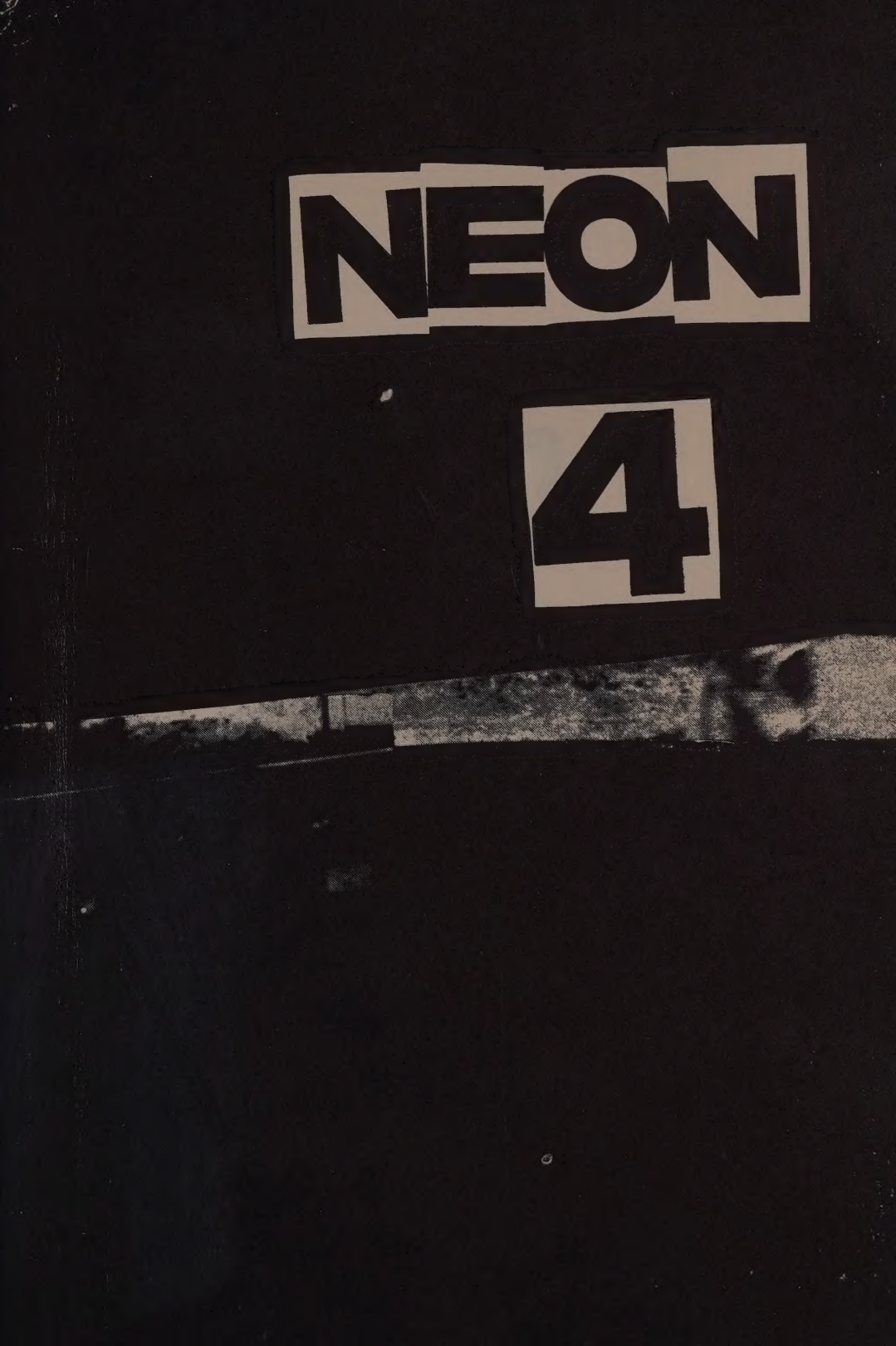
NEON
4

# Neon 4

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Lorine Niedecker

# In Exchange For Haiku

I

July, the waxwings
on my berries
have dyed red
the dead
branch.

II

Old man who seined
to educate his daughter
sees red Mars rise:
What lies
behind it?

Cold water business
now starred in Fishes
of dipnet shape
to ache
thru his arms.

III

People, people -
ten dead ducks' feathers
on beer-can litter...
Winter
will change all that.

IV

Linnaeus in Lapland

Nothing worth noting
except an Andromeda
with quadrangular shoots -
the boots
of the people

wet inside: they must swim
to church thru the floods
or be taxed - the blossoms
from the bosoms
of the leaves.

V

Fog-thick morning -
I see only
where I walk. I carry
my clarity
with me.

## On Hearing The Wood Pewee

This is my mew
as our days in a wild-flying world
last -

be alone.
Throw it over - all fashion,
feud.

Go home where the greenbird
is - the trees where you pass
to grass.

Joel Oppenheimer

# Cartography

the ceiling of his bedroom
cracks into map shapes.
an island. harbors sunk in the island's perimeter.
two great rivers. a lake at the confluence.
while on the phone he draws plans of houses abstractedly,
or replots the defense of gettysburg.
on the bedroom wall, in detail, san francisco bay,
from candlestick point to angel island.
the hills marked and notated with the addresses of friends.
on the walls of the john,
hand-drawn and accurately scaled,
the devil's den and the round tops.
the lines outside chattanooga, the lines
before vicksburg, petersburg, the wildesness
mile by mile engraved in his mind. carried with him
white oaks, where his grandfather fell.
he does not even know if this fact, his grandfather's death,
exists for him outside of white oaks.
shall he not die also when he has no direction
before him, no plan of action, no campaign.
does he not find it impossible to move without
at least compass, or sun, gunter's chain, or a
measured pace, or the regular plat of a city's streets.
at one time his pace was exactly three feet.
with it he could determine miles, within a few yards.
or put it this way. if in his own islands
he could move freely. if he could take himself and his words.
build a continent of them. that might break him free.
if his children were more than milestones to him.
or if his wife more than the tracings of his finger
outlined before him. that might break him free.
but he will find it necessary to move himself.
this is the first action.

## The Breadwinner

a quieter man could not
succeed, one not intent
on repetition.
what else but a renewing instant
our one entry into it
whatever our view or interest.
a renewing entry into whatever
force it is sustains us sustains us.
a renewing entry re-presenting
itself, constantly,
as a pot of pink azaleas
pervades the whole house.

Max Finstein

## A Responsibility

this bizness
of making
love in all languages be love:
is waiting,
ready,
all open, borrowing,
if need be
all the ends that keep you
if needs, be,
yes in your days and nights
is something wild
and should
remain,
wild

## Ornithology

i told her i'd do nothing
i didn't mean,
calling her yellowbird
upon arising,
leaning over her
yellow
awaiting
flight of some sort from
her, must-moveness! of
parts,
white port we drank,
so little caring
of those things were we,

yellowbird,
she went, too, as fast as that one.

## Sad Story

i think it was being put
on all those little cards with holes
punched in them,
or, a proclamation
of our bloodtype
hung,
about our necks
but,
we hated english
(had those songs about
shakspear and the big one
he had
though we went to the
settlment house
(at the Boy's Club
in Roxbury you could
usually score for a
joint or two, cheap
and was so forgiven
some, jailed
others driven to all manner
of devices
to get out,
some did and some didn't.

David Galler

## Jerome, Arizona (1952)

Lighted from the bus. The pitchfork sun
Jabbed in asphalt. Stuck. Old
Eyes, fixed in the secret of their lunch,

Told me I could pass, big bandit or sheriff,
Sucking my breath right. With vague duffle,
I did a side-step. Rimrock rose,

Telling me sage frayed to the west
Of any showdown. Phelps-Dodge sky and
Dust bled shacks where the town's ridge ended

In a fist at heaven. Old eyes, bland
From grits, took up their hats, and crossed
Where they sunned like lizards. In a dream of snatch,

I loped on sunset to the stakes I'd talked.
Beans, mortar, I toted, and a ticket
Back: in that firey patch, my pitchfork.

(NOTE: Phelps-Dodge is a copper-mining company having a monopoly in much of the West. 'Phelps-Dodge sky' because land is owned to the center of the earth and up to infinity.)

David Rafael Wang

## The Teen-Age Wife

(After Li Po)

At five my mother first took me
to meet you, my future husband
by Nine River in southern Kiangsi.
You were nine and tall and sun-tanned,
and raised crickets for a hobby.

At seven we played horse and soldier.
You pranced and romped like a stallion,
with me upon your shoulders.

At nine I went with you swimming,
And watched you dive like a swallow
and swerve like a porpoise.

At ten I thrilled to see you hand-stand,
As you balanced inkstone on shoetips.

At twelve you took me in your strong arms,
and gently undid my garments.
Blushing,
I yielded to your pressure.

Now you are far, far away,
For nine months without a message,
In the dark mountains of Yunnan.

Night falls. I turn and turn in our giant bed.
In the courtyard the autumn leaves lie still.

Kenneth L. Beaudoin

From
## Argile Fougere et Sang
by Andre Malartre

3.

the lightness of air
        rainbows the earth
the bubbles of my blood terminate
        in blossoms
along the roads of my skin
the movement of my breathing
        holds
        so lightly
the running wind
        from the breath of the woods
        I sink into
a day of lightness
the very finger of joy
among the pistils and spores

13.

a fearful dryness prevails
I must open wide
my hands
for what miraculous peach?
my hands disappear
my antennae atrophy
I bathe in a cold swamp
all knowledge
is illusion
and takes back
all neighborhoods
to the lagoons of forgetfulness

it is necessary to chew the thick leaves
to get the taste of the earth
of black avalanches
which fall down
menacing
under their weight of dread

my body
covers itself with the friendly peat,
the fumes of the swamp alone
know my lightness

Louis Zukofsky

# A Valentine

This
is
not
more
snow
to
fall

but
a
gust
of
the
softest -
bending

down
the
wood
of
gardens'
branches
into

a
girls
and
boys
pastoral,
old

years
not
to
wink
looks,
middle

life
to
chase,
it's
musical

## The green leaf

The green leaf that will outlast the winter
because sheltered in the open:
the wall, transverse, and diagonal ribs
of the privet that pocket air
around the leaf inside them
and cover but with walls of wind:
it happens wind colors like glass shelter,
as the light's aire from a vault
which has a knob of sun.

John R. Haag

# State of the Union

Dreams tend to turn real in flint
shadows and squint sunshine at morning
when the promising young men appear
slack jawed and drunk with unsleep and boredom:
the young girls - how often young - are type
tip tapping at bright lighted desks escaping,
waking, some other kind of whoredom.

Between warm sheets shaded against morning and
subway trains grinding through catacombs
between their stained exit stairs and the dark
entrancings of offices, dim moneycombs, their day
falls on us as carrion.

Beyond the inner door
alone by the seven extensioned telephone
sits stiff with coffee and cigar
whose odor we tremble at
the black jawed expense accounted beast of play.
Lower your hung over eyes
lest voices touch your inner ears
amid the jangling of alarms and signals.
(The princess and the witch is there
borne in a swivel chair; eraser
dust highlights her hair.)

And dreams?
Why,
dreams are everyone's:
and Edison will light your way
and Ford will get you there.

K. P. A. Taylor

# The Aesthete

Everywhere with him his secretary, the astringency.
At the store, he ordered the 6 1/2 or the 7,
and she, "He means the $6.10 pair -
the cheapest one."

The man who entered then
(the thinly recognized)
seated himself
with face half hidden.

"How true," he said,
"for when I bought
the livid green
you were the first to object

"fixed with a timeless desire
for fulfillment vain of thought,
for escape from unhappiness
by abandoning the will to happiness,
for a desirable freedom from desire.

"Have you, then, put desire aside, the universe
vanished, a coil of dream? The will
incident to reality, the world a phantom world
conjured by the brain, to fill perceptive will?"

"No," he sighed, "the issue not for contest. The will
finds reward in beauty, the faltering moment of
perception
of color and line, in essence of fixed form.
I shall take the 6 1/2; tight, yes, but graceful."

## Exhibit

The snake must come. Snakes emerge.
I shall wait with gun and revolver
for the serpent to appear,
to move from the oppressed cabin.

Thus have I failed: we have failed it.
Let us go topside, to see
the great red-yellow banded
coil up from black tropic
erect the late indigo
drip to ship's side
and rise, towered to dock level
over the shoulders of careless man,
the unsuspecting.

The woman on board, the unknown,
I mean to impress.

## Honeymoon: The Critic

When their train entered
the morning station, he
- hungry as morning -
could find no diner,
nor time to run
to the waiting restaurant.
He turned and struck her
thin stomach.

"O!" spun the voice,
the face falling, resolving.
"You refused," he shouted,
"to bring lunch. Though we
live devoutly, call love our
phantasy this illusion,
poetically unsustained."

## Equality

Let us descend to giant acorns
for footstools, and quietly descend
to the great house and the hillside,

to watch these guests
flit in, flit out the doors and windows,
the flying -

and place ashes of old cigarettes
in the deep interiors
of hats.

## The Party

Among his guests, strange,
unbidden, one claimed acquaintance
replying to his query,
sparing income tax, lived abroad.

The woman from Havana
piercing him to sofa, lisped
missing teeth, disclosed them.
So to reveal his own, a plaintiff
word - dissolution begun.

His paintings too she praised, except one
flat as tapestry shown,
a landscape of collage too erect,
buttock-like, she sighed, the over-obscured.

In fear of lack, he held drinks
from the disenchanted. O superior person
demanding soda! And hurrying from
drawing room to drawing room

he was met by the tax expert
with a squirt of water from a chemical
retort or water bottle, held inverted
to sight a long stream
from its tapered end.

# Oracle

At the first army maneuver
will you crawl always dust-bound
behind the correspondent-lovers,
who presently obtain mounts -
he posting away, she, side-saddle,
sitting it out?

And nightly, in quarters, seeing them
extended, still, shadow the floor,
will you become, always, abusive -
he the conciliator?

Whispering and hissing to you, in amusement,
"Tell the stone," or "Speak ill of the stone."
Will you speculate again
whether stone is impersonal or represents the
occult?

William Carlos Williams

## Tapiola

He is no more dead than Finland herself is dead
under the blows of the mass-man who threatened
to destroy her until she felled her forests
about his head, ensnaring him. But, children, you
underestimated the power in your own song, Finlandia!
holds you up but no more so than has he I celebrate
who has heard the icy wind in his ears and defied
it lovingly with a smile. The power of music,
of composition, the placing of sounds together,
edge against edge, Moussorgsky the half mad Russian
had it and Dostoevski who knew the soul. In such
style whistled the winds grateful to be tamed,
we say, by a man. Whee-wow! You stayed up half
the night in your attic room under the eaves, composing
secretly, setting it down, period after period,
as the wind whistled. Lightning flashed! The roof
creaked about your ears threatening to give
way! but you had a composition to finish that could
not wait. The storm entered your mind where all
good things are secured, written down, for love's
sake and to defy the devil of emptiness. The
children are decked out in ribbons, bunting and
with flags in their hands to celebrate your birthday!
They parade to music! a joyous occasion. Sibelius
has been born and continues to live in all our
minds, all of us, forever . . . . .

Paul Goodman

# For Henry Hudson

I like to think because my Captain proved
there was no Passage, mind and body lost
in ice and darkness, t h e r e f o r e all the rest
turned forever South their prows and thrived
on the possible, rewarded for they braved
the possible with pineapples and rust-
colored wives. I envy. Yet I must
continue as my Captain believed:
T h e r e i s a s h o r t e r p a s s a g e. I have learned
nothing. I have steered into ludicrous
inlets and explored them to the marsh.
I have sat bawling studying the charts.
The fog no longer lifts where I cruise
and flecks of snow shine on my chest and beard.

## The Great Bear

The Great Bear in the tingling sky
  I want to take and hoard for my own,
I am thwarted and I feel abused
  that I cannot. See, how every one

enjoys that beauty, only I
  am deprived in the darkness of the night.
I bitterly climb to my room
  and huddle in the sheets and write,

write my complaint, till I forget
  the causes of my pain
in excellent sentences I make
  better than any other man.

Gilbert Sorrentino

# The Lover

1.

What I have learned of love
is not to be understood: how
much love is possessed or was
possessed at any given time, this is
not measurable.
                It is
suddenly to have a quantity
where there was nothing; inexplicably
just as suddenly to find it squared
then cubed and continually
thus continually thus.
                I say
it is not to be understood.

2.

My friends
have moved to Europe
and to Mexico and
San Francisco. I move
from couch to desk
from chair to chair these
beloved chairs
we cleaned of coalbin
dust and nailed
                together
when we first moved in.

## "Sunny Down South"

I had a friend
once
borrowed 20
this was
Xmas
money. Swore he'd pay it
back before the "jolly
season".
No soap, scotch
that
I'd been tasting
in my dreams
for weeks wound up 6
qts of beer.
He wrote the 31st: In
"Mejico" - merry Christmas happy
new year. P.S.
did I leave my
Zippo
never fail in "yawer"
drawer?

Eric Cashen

# Sonata

## THE LOFT

She raced down the path that led to the ice house, her breath coming easily, her legs working like the millwork in a clock town. 'David,' she called. 'David.' The door was open.

'I'm in here,' he said. She entered.

'Is Ann Fry here?'

'No.' He stood at the easel. 'Ah, I wish...'

'Supper's ready in twenty minutes and Mrs. Bergson wants to see you as soon as you're through here.'

'Fanny? What can she want?'

'To see your work. She's your teacher, isn't she?'

'That's beside the point.'

'It's not.'

'Look. Just because Ann Fry's beautiful is no reason to presume...'

'I'm not presuming.'

'Of course not. Mrs. Bergson is.'

Emily waited a second. 'She knows.'

He had been cleaning his brushes. He stopped wrapping a rag around them. Still, a boy today caught out in yesterday's jam. 'Knows? What does she know?'

'That you and Ann Fry have been up in the attic loving.'

'Loving?'

'Loving. And that's not all. The liquor you two drink down here is an awful.... You should have seen Ann Fry last night at dinner, drunk, parading around, and then her bra fell off....'

'Well, I guess I'll be coming with you. Going up to the house?'

'Yes.'

'Good.' He threw a cover over the picture, put his brushes in his pocket and walked out the open door. She followed him, and picked up his brushes where they fell.

'Ann Fry's been expelled.'

'Who said?'

'This afternoon. Mrs Bergson drove her to the train.'

'I see. What's for supper?'

He sat on the sawhorse, swinging his leg between paint kit and sawhorse. 'Who knows?' he said to Emily. 'Who cares?'

'You do.'

'I don't.' He poured himself another drink. 'Not for Ann Fry.'

'You do care.'

'For what?'

'For sex.' She sat on the only chair, her legs crossed. She could hardly see him where he sat; the dusk was falling.

'Have a drink?' He handed her his dixie cup.

'No.' His blond hair was bronze. It shook dark as he leaned into the shadow.

'Just one sip.'

'No.'

He put the dixie cup down on the floor. He drew up his sawhorse.

'Emily.' He put his hands on her legs. They were smooth, cool, minus sun tan lotion.

'David.' She put her arms around his neck.

He pressed into the shadow.

Kicking like a wild deer, she pulled his ears half off his head and threw the dixie cup at him. 'You're a beast,' she said.

'I know, why can't you be one too?'

'Because I'm not.'

'My drink!'

'Ann Fry! Ann Fry!' She took off her clothes and stood naked before him.

He took off his.

## THE MARRIAGE

Mrs. Bergson sat in the deck chair, fanning herself with a piece of cardboard, and looking out to sea. 'David,' she said to the young man at her side, 'You've got to stop this sleeping around business.'

'Why?' David stirred his cigarette end around in the air. 'I don't do it so noticeably.'

'Yes,' she patted the yellow strands of her hair flat, 'but with young Emily. She's too immature.'

'I don't know. Thirty-two bust, a manner...'

'David!' Fanny Bergson stood up. 'That's enough of your nonsense.'

'Alright, dear lady, alright.'

'Get yourself a girl more your own age. Something with more development to her.'

'Who would you suggest?'

'Ann Fry left. Try Amy MacDougall.'

'That fat...'

'She's buxom. Make a good model for you, anyhow.' Mrs. Bergson put down her fan and picked up her bag. 'I'm going in to lie down for a while.'

Amy MacDougall lived in a little tent apart from the others. She did her own washing, and had virtue. She painted still-lifes of soup tureens, landscapes of the sea, and portraits of natives. She was just finishing her evening cup of coffee when David appeared at the tent flap. 'Hi, Amy,' he said.

'Hello. Have a cup of coffee?'

'Thanks.' He sat down on a stone. The air was teeming with moths. He swatted at them.

'Don't; they're harmless.'

He put his hands in his pockets. 'Do you like men, Amy?'

'Only to paint.'

'What?'

'With clothes on.'

'Oh.'

'You came here to sleep with me, didn't you?'

'No.'

'I know better. Want to take a walk?'

'What about the coffee?'

'None left. Sorry.'

They walked up to the headlands and looked at the sea in the moonlight. She had a beautiful figure, in spite of her plumpness, she... a lovely.

'Listen to it.'

'I am.'

Her hair hammered gold down the full sloping neck and a smile

of ivory on her unpainted lips. He looked at her. He caught her hand. 'Amy.'

'Nothing doing, David. What in God's name got into you?'

'I...'

'Cut it out, David.' They stood there untouching, looking at the sea. Cold waves breaking on warm sand. A heart happy.

'So you tell me,' Fanny Bergson said. 'How am I to believe it?'

'You're not; I suppose.'

'Well, if you're going to marry the girl, you'd better propose.'

'Won't she think it rather funny?'

'Not at all.'

'I'll ask her...'

'Now.' Mrs. Bergson picked up her fan. David put out his cigarette.

## THE DUMMY

Amy trundled the bed out into the clearing. 'I've never seen something like it,' she said to Roscoe. 'You're my cousin; go beat him up.'

'He proposed, didn't he?'

'Well yes, but...'

'But nothing. Look Roscoe,' She sat down on the bed. 'He's a tramp. He treated me like one. Get it?'

'Did he knock...'

'No. He proposed and he unproposed. I'm not used to it.'

'Oh Amy.'

'I am in love with the bastard. Get rid of him.'

'How?'

'I don't know. Punch him. Make life miserable.'

Emily did not want to step aside with her before supper. She hated her guts. But girls will talk. 'What do you want, Fats?'

'Nothing, Emily.'

'David Sumner's my property.'

'That's why he comes up to see me every evening.'

'He sleeps with me.'

'When?'

'When he's not with you.'

David had an appointment with each girl at the same time. They both sent him notes saying they wanted to see him in the clearing at Fanny Bergson's house. Emily sounded hot. Amy sounded as if she would finally sleep with him. Both appointments were for around nine. 'What'll I do, Roscoe?'

'Go ahead up. Don't let the one catch you with the other.'

'But Fanny...'

'Fanny's out of town.'

'And what do I do if I meet them both?'

'Say you were going up to look at some prints at Fanny's house.'

At quarter to nine David toured the camp. He saw Emily busy playing ping-pong with a girl from the village. She winked and said, 'I'll be late. Around ten. Okay?'

'Yep.'

Amy was sitting in front of her tent.

'Want to walk up with me?'

'No thanks. Look, I have to be careful.'

'Fanny's away.'

'Come naked. The middle of the clearing.'

'Tonight's the night?'

He stripped bare behind a tree in front of Fanny's house. A little moon struck a nude figure lying in the middle of the clearing. Aroused, he walked forward. He bent down to kiss her. It was a dummy used in the art lab.

Light sprung up all around him. The whole camp, sitting in a horseshoe, laughed and laughed. When he went back to get his clothes they were gone.

Jack Freiwald

# Poem

The flower - Blooming
Called to an admirer;
Showing all her gold.

Just before summer
leaves turn and
fall.

Sitting on sand
She called with innuendoes
and graceful smiles
Searching his face for feeling.
And kneeling he blew
A kiss
and left
before the Buffalo

Rising clouds of dust
seen for miles and miles,
and miles
across the plain

where
A flower - Blooming; once
Called to an admirer.

Mason Jordan Mason

## The Asses At Home

Once the ass put on
his hat and coat and decide
not to go out

What ailing you
his old jenny say

You sick with a soar throat
why you moaping around

Why don't you go to bed
she say
in her peevish manner
you make me sick

Besides
I got a ladies party here
for 3:00 o'clock sharp

What she don't mention
it is six young jennies
only one of which
is about to get married

So this poor ass
wrap his scarf
about his raw throat
and go to sit
in the windy park

Judson Crews

## Capricious Home Land

The water flowed as it had done
and the land lay fallow as ever

The maidens murmured as ever
but their maybes were fallow as loss

The timothy seeded where corn had stood
and crows cawed a memoried harvest

This was the land as bold as God
now pocked by pestilence of doubt

The blood of heros stood as a creed
but the maidens were fallow in loss

Ben Tibbs

# That's The Way The Old Snake Sheds

In my garden I listen for the serpent. Art becomes the apple of my eye, but of course I manage to rib myself.

Being, as I am, involved in puny frequencies and ultimate rhythms which engulf them, I allow feeling to integrate a subjective identy with objective form; a reality for which love jettisons the tired technique relative to the manipulation of a trio of shells.

My position as a writer is a natural one. I sit. While writing I am, categorically speaking, a writer; the kind with no degree. Letter guardians may proclaim that I am in cahoots with obscurantism, nihilism, or other prevalent isms their persuasion does not currently embrace; that I am an escapist...escape from is but a fleeing into...or a psycho in need of a beauty-rest on which to couch my phrases. Perhaps my retaliation would praise folly but I would never seek a therapy for those pyromaniacal fireflies that scorch the veils of dusk.

Various doctors say the world is sick, and so it seems. Fevers rise and cold beads of realization are an issue. Diagnosis. Prescription. Proscription. A rash of art. There is frustration and the kind of hunger with a full belly. Preoccupation with expressive means, to end or alleviate tensions, may sublimate inadequacies to cope with the acquisitive strains and political stresses of a materialistic culture bent on producing a troll beneath no bridge to burn. Again it may not, but as a therapy it qualifies and has validity. There is also the possibility of a lull in the manic-panic when violence, couched on the earth, must submit to the analysis of God.

Much of humanity seems obsessed with the producing of categories, and the placing therein of individuals together with their psychic and physical development. Science has a way with life, but the term 'scientific' is an adjective used more than often to lend questionable authority and doubtful authenticity to much dull procedure. There are instances when categories and their names or titles become the only apparent essence and/or meaning of human action. A worn stimulus. An image in white, blue-trimmed boots with a seven league stride can straddle a lot of categories.

I have been called an artist, but the word is really a fictive term used vocally and graphically by all and sundry--with or without discretion--to voice appreciation or contempt for those who raise pen,

livestock, brush, vegetables, baton, flowers, money, fists, or just plain hell; whether they be dilettante, poetaster, Sunday dandy, screwball or genius.

But the "I" is soMEthing embodying manwomanchild after the first personal and infirm mask dissolves in frequent dives below the surface of a wide gulf; to be resolved in a tall anchor; solvent in a long blood chain; absolved in a marvelous ship dancing in waves that lisp, "Unthinkable, Unthinkable."

My painting is but a tracing of the donkey that carried Christ into Jerusalem. My writing is where I have pinned the tail. I have never written primarily for a market, and publication, together with any subsequent derision or praise, I consider incidental. I write deposits of sand, eroded by vital and vicarious experience, fused by a creactive fire, cooled and readily transparent to a focused eye; panes with alternate surfaces set without choosing sides in the windows of my house, looking out on the bonfires of spring and autumn, and subject to the philosophers' stone, the critics' mace, a child's chance snowball or the analysts' association. It was not my intention to coin the word "creactive", but to issue a scrip for buried currency.

I have reached the hormone age when the presence of the white and terrible beauty of the female principle flirts with my mind. Possibly an extra-sensory perception detects her fragrance and thought touches her nudity. The heart beats a path through thornes to her rosy image but the mind is unable to discourage her periodic indulgence of those marshmallows that come wrapped in cellophane. Obesity holds no terror for her. Of course she leads an active and promiscuous life unopposed to the passive existence of form.

On this stage of the game, the appearance of what seems original is applauded, so I stand on my tongue and wave a pencil wand over an old hat. The rabbit wears earmuffs and reveals a denture while munching a wax carrot. But the fur is real, although matted with chewing gum, and I detect a living warmth. Could this be a motif?

I contrive to avoid the conceit of explanation. If I challenge anything then it must be as the acrobat challenging gravitation, his fall terminating in the crowd, while the trapeze swings like a pendulum returning to a tenable position.

**Neon**

The play is not the thing; a star attracts the crowd.

Feebly sustaining an organity at war with art, alone and lonely, I venture into a noumenal field armed with a dulled innocence sheathed in absurdity patrolling enigma territory. In this any man's land I may stumble over a form of bleeding wisdom and carry the burden gently to the healers who critically scan the ebb and flow for signs of vitality, while quibbling in their respective terminologies about decapitation in the market place. There is a bare possibility that hostilities may cease, then I may devote something of love to such a form. In this event my dilletantism should prove beneficial, for I have not specialized and thus allowed atrophy its toll. Temporarily I would bed this wisdom in the straw of words, administering the plasma of sensation and a diet of liberation. This close association could (in theory) release imagination to mingle at will with choice and chance in the confines of Fate. Meantime my deaths and dreams continue as I watch the world revolve like a lazy susan out of control, hurtling a smorgasbord of isms against the idol-muraled walls that traditionally quake in support of the ethos ceiling, while the hungry, stupefied for having paid the price, smugly gape and stare.

It could be that intuition leads me to believe there is no reason for my becoming superstitious of the black cat that crosses the path of least resistance.

As if I was or not.

Lewis Turco

## a note

you wonder why this note, maureen?..,
    i'll tell you why:
        because of spring.
because of grass done up
    in curlers and an ice-
        bound girdle loosed.
blue makes for gold,
    and gold for red,
        and red for evening shadow.
hound makes for bitch,
    stud for the mare –
        i make for you.
you wonder why i write, maureen?..,
    stop wondering:
        it's merely spring.
your hair's done up
    in pincurls, and your breasts
        fall free like two white clouds.

George Moorse

# Verilay

(After Eustace Deschamps)

Pardon, Lady, pardon.
I fear my song agrees too much
with what I have to say. Pardon!
I seek its flow from heart to body,
knowing never was a gift so beautiful
as that born beautiful. Lady!
Pardon, and I swear my joy will double
even over your bold tussle, angry love.
Renew it, can't you, it was your
sly doubletalk that spurred this trouble.
Trussed too long, my heart
moaning, abandoned
desperate in desolation, slowed
with its sadness. Come on!
Lower down some pity,
cover up that blank betrayal!
I can forget with little effort all
those counterfeited vows, envenomed kisses
and breastpocket tears.
Dame! I beg your mercy.

## Ritual

Wounded, at once, the white oak split
from memory, spiral of the splintering
now only shaded, cooled, a cloud.
April's around! Where? In pond-
lily calyx, the doodlebug pissing
gently near its slime-root. Green!
(Green where?) Deep, dimming in this
brain's folded coddles,
green blossoms on that shrunken
oak-stump snap spring at the early sky.
It is a dying trifle in the year
to let the birth-year numb the skull
or let shrill bones rehearse the
undead eyes of living You in pool
or deeper wishingwell. Awake.
In that sweet cthonic bump the secret stirs
where, knitted by the doodlebug
some granded april radiates the oak,
stalks back its footsteps on the Blasted Heath.

Sid Shapiro

# Still As A Hand The Now Heaving Forest

Still as a hand the now heaving forest is grown over
the holy city of Sinbad. And who is lost or who is
won, the sun will tell, in the morning.

Although it is not yet morning, the holy warriors
and their retinue, coming alive in twisted heaps
in gnarled ravines where they have hung in sleep,
are in a whisper. I a naked arm protruding.

Preening, thick with their own bodies, the forms
of animal life are moving down over legs and around
tough flowers, many with antennas wavering, and all
the strange ones out of Sinbad, caught on one another.

Well, what should I do? That is, given the circum-
stance, the arm, with its hand, clear, should I use
it as a pincers? Crack with it things within reach?
Should I maybe coil it back on itself and pinch from
its upper arm the arm's skin, disentangle the veins,
and the muscles, and fold away carefully the loosening
fat.

Or flesh. Or dappled flesh. But if an arm is after all
a sheathed tangle running smoothly, and this one I know
is a going machine, why ruin it if I can use it to finger
my way carefully through each complexity, unthreading, un-
tangling, unwinding, weeding, scraping, working my way at
last out.

And after that, the beach of course, all lilting wet,
the sun still in the untangled sky and I moving
easily below, cheerfully wielding a light stick of
washed wood, now: all stones turned. There was
nothing to be seen on the water.

Cleon Marquis

## Dark Is Early

When rumble of wagons fades away on hills,
And dark is early, harvest time is done.

And there is the evening star! This is the year
The breath of famine horses scorches grass
Till pastures blow up dust. The boy mangled
His hand in picker chains. Chains didn't stop
Despite his cries of pain. This is the year
The cyclone struck with wild and horrible roaring
And trimmed the highest cherry trees like hedge;
And wrenched the roof from new baled hay. Not for

A day, nor for an hour the hurricane
With vicious power scattered wide a batch
Of barrow pigs that wandered far from lot,
Were never found. The owner spied with glass
For tracks that floundered down in creekbed mire.
The pine was plucked of spines like scalded fowls.
The cyclone roared like way-freights over roofs.
For fifteen moments nature displayed power.

Then human ants began to hammer the house.
Nor knew that they are lice in nature's hair.

Up there is the evening star!

Jose Martinez

# Two Pieces Out Of Many

## MONTERREY: Sunday

Bill's idea was to go to early Mass and then sleep, we'd be out at around 6:30 or maybe 7:00, so everybody agreed to it. Bill and Jim and Ron went ahead. I had to change clothes so I told them to go on and I'd follow in a couple of minutes.

When I got downstairs to the lobby they were gone. I started walking across the plaza and saw them a couple of blocks in front of me, heading toward the cathedral. People scurrying by to Mass came out of the streets leading to the plaza, mostly old women, widows dressed in black. I sat down at the steps of the kiosk, feeling fresh after the shower and the all-night romp through the streets of the town. Watching the women going to Mass and listening to the bells going Blingggg-Bloing! and seeing the rising sun turn Saddle Mountain pale blue, I lost all interest in the church.

I sat there for a while, smoking and debating whether to wait for the guys there or go back to the hotel and sleep. A couple of American college girls were practicing their Spanish on a group of shoeshine boys. I got up and walked back to the hotel.

Going into the waiting elevator I saw a guy leaning against the back of it, the only other passenger, holding a brown paper bag with a bottle in it, rocking it back and forth like a baby and crooning to it. He looked up and saw me looking at him and smiled, saying, 'You'll join me, of course?'

'Of course,' I said.

'Sexto piso, por favor,' he said. We got out at the sixth floor and he told the elevator operator to tell somebody to get us a pitcher of water, and some ice and soda.

In his room I found out he was from San Antonio and knew a couple of people I knew. This was his fifth day in town with his brother Paul who was down the hall talking to a woman they had met last night.

'Less go getum,' he said, 'and buyum a drink.'

We left the door open and walked down the hall, around the corner, and saw Paul stretched out on his side, one arm under his head, knocking very softly on the door of the woman's room.

'Hi-yuh, Mike,' he said, smiling. 'What's up?'

'Went out to get some drinkin material,' Mike said. 'What's the matter, won't she let you in?'

'Ahhh, she's mad at me,' he said keeping up his knocking. 'HEY, BLANCH! Open up, Mike wants talk to you!'

'What's wrong, Blanch?' Mike said to the door.

She opened the door, a nice looking woman of about forty, wearing silk or rayon pajamas. 'Your brother's drunk. He insulted me.'

'He apologizes. He didn't mean it, did you, Paul?'

'Course not,' said Paul from the floor.

'Now will you let him in?'

'Oh, alright,' Blanch said. 'I guess, as long as he didn't mean it.'

'I changed m'mind,' said Paul. 'I'm too comfortable here. I don't feel like talking to you anymore.'

'Come on, less go,' said Mike, picking him up. 'You need some sleep, boy.'

'So long, Blanch,' hollered Paul over his shoulder. 'See you this afternoon, kay?'

We took him back to the room and threw him, clothes and all, into one of the twin beds. The boy arrived with setups. Mike poured us a drink.

'You know,' he said pointing his glass at his sleeping brother, 'this bastard hasn't been drunk in thirteen months. He was in Alaska, working for the telephone company. Sure making up for it now, I'll tell you that. And if you want to get drunk in a good place, this town is it.'

I agreed with him. We sat there talking and drinking until the bottle was half gone, then we decided to go down to my room and wait for the others to get back from Mass. We took our glasses and ice and pitcher with us. Coming down the hall on my floor we saw Bill and Ron and Jim getting out of the elevator. I introduced Mike to the guys and Jim said, 'Hi,' casually taking Mike's drink from his hand and downing it. Mike blinked at him, and Jim gave him back the empty glass. We went into the room and somehow the question of sleep was ignored, everybody talking a once about what to do today. We decided to drive out to Horsetail Falls, but in the meantime the bottle was dead, so first we had to go someplace where we could

talk. At the Pennsylvania Bar I started shooting craps with the bartender for drinks and won fifteen or twenty times to the bartender's three or four. Jim got into an argument in German with a merchant seaman from Galveston. When he discovered he was losing he switched to French, but the seaman knew a couple of phrases in French so Jim switched to Spanish. That stopped the seaman momentarily so he switched over to English and Jim switched back to German. In the middle of all this Paul walked in and joined us. He was fully recovered. Mike introduced him to everybody.

Bill went out and brought the car around from the garage. We piled in and tore off to the falls. Bill forgot how to get there and missed the road, so Ron hollered to an old man with a plow asking him directions. The old man left his work and came over and told us how to get there. We turned around and went back to the missed road, me chastising Ron for his use of the familiar form of address on the old man, Ron saying he hadn't been insulting, finally ending up with: 'Well, goddamit, what if I did use the familiar? I am better than him.'

We drove up the dirt road and up the mountain, the land falling away from us, the farms turning into little squares beneath us. A quarter of a mile or so from the falls they had a resort, complete with swimming pool, gardens, and burros named Truman, Mickey Mantle, Ike, Mussolini, Hitler and so on that'll take you the rest of the way to the falls in case you don't feel like walking. Jim, who is six-six, was the only one that wanted to ride up. We trailed along behind him, his legs curled up so as not to drag, a bunch of kids laughing at him, running in front or alongside the burro.

We came back an hour or so later, our ears popping, and sat on the veranda on the edge of the cliff, looking down through the wide arches framing the land beneath us, a couple of thousand feet stretched out in the valley below.

## NEW MEXICO: The Big-Turnover

THE COOK we found under a bunch of bedrolls, clutching desperately with his unbusted hand at the St. Christopher medal hanging around his chicken neck.

THE GIMP -- he got hurt worst of all: landing, fortunately, standing up, ankledeep in sand, but one-tenth of a second later, unfortunately, a bunch of equipment landed on top of him making him make a split and ripping the skin between his testicles and anus. When the ambulance arrived, the doctor had to knock him out to move him, he couldn't stand the pain.

ABRAHAM -- he landed on top of the barbed-wire fence, a barb catching him at the nape of the neck and running down his spine to the caudal end. My crazy uncle took what was left of his pants down and looked and said, 'Whoo-ee! one more inch and you would've been all ass. Whooo!'

SANTANA -- grabbed the same top wire as he fell and lopped his little finger off.

EL COYOTE -- landed on his head and, out of it, started running across the sand. The only reason he stopped trying to get away from the chaos was that he ran smack onto a canyon and couldn't find a way to leap across it. We ran after him and caught up with him there, finally talking him into rejoining the other hurt drunkards on the side of the road and wait for the ambulance to arrive.

MY UNCLE, the driver and only one without a bump, kept kicking the truck and saying, 'And I hadn't even paid for the motherblankety bitch!' All around him, people kept moaning and cursing and groaning. He stopped to look at a couple, like the interestingly wounded Abraham, but kept coming back and kicking a tire or a fender and blasting the blankety truck.

MARIO -- asked one of the people who stopped to gape if he'd give him a ride back to Albuquerque. The guy said yes and Mario got in the guy's pickup and didn't even say goodbye, not even stopping at the hospital to check a busted rib, but grabbing a bus all the way back across New Mexico and Texas and past the border into Mexico.

THE REST -- a couple of them later got it in Europe or the Pacific, but this time more or less only got bunged up a little, none of them actu-

ally spending more than the rest of the afternoon at the hospital.
ME -- I got tired of picking up bodies and decided to take a crap behind a sand dune fifty yards or so from the scene. My old man, who arrived ten minutes after the big turnover (while I was gone), along with the other confused and worried onlookers who stopped to see the show, looked under flour bags and bedrolls for a while for my body. Then they gave up and got the brilliant idea of forming a searching party. They climbed to the top of my sandy hill, men, women and children, about twenty of them, and found me looking for a nice round rock with which to wipe myself.
MY UNCLE bought another truck from a rancher who stopped when he saw the cars and ambulances on the highway, and the next day we rode into Gallup -- those of us who could. The rest followed later, except for the Gimp and Mario.

BEFORE THE TURNOVER: When we broke camp and left Tatum we stopped at Roswell. At the parking lot everybody jumped out of the truck at once and scattered, in twos and threes, in about fifteen directions to get drunk and so forth. That night we all met at Lupe's, the sheep-shearer's paradise: Women all over the place, and friends from other crews who hadn't been seen in months and even years. I'd tell you what they said, but it was a long time ago, and anyway, it isn't important.
AFTER ROSWELL everybody rode hooting and hollering toward the mountain country -- the Plains were done and Grants and Gallup were next -- everyone hungover, but laid and happy, singing, telling dirty jokes and throwing empty beercans and whiskey bottles into the ditch along the road. We got to Albuquerque early and spent a couple of hours eating and collecting the guys from the different cantinas around the Mexican neighborhood.
TWENTY MILES outside of town my crazy uncle missed a curve on the gravel road that was actually the main highway, except under repairs, and wound up turning the goddam truck over twice, the third time coming up, it landed right side up and stayed. Twentynine men, drunk and/or hungover, flew up and over into the red sand dunes, some right away on the first flip, and the rest sort of later.

Sam Abrams

# Hagia Sophia

ignoramous doctus go along the high way,
eyes closed slow walk between
grey rock and strait down-drop.

many things had meaning once, and love, well:
space, all and deity aside,
who more than i regrets that once?

final silence must
hold my necessary yes, and on beyond
my final glance, inexplicable, dance.

prince of prayers and over dome of light,
shall you not in high most bright,
pity me, miserable purely?

E. W. Northnagel

## Springs Freezing
(San Luis Valley, Colorado)

Natural fountains of the sage
Pump land's blood from
Heart of earth.

  Even in winter
The sprawling old lady,
Atrophic, rallies
Fresh artesian sap
Into frosted arteries.

Each orifice wears
A starched collar,
The frozen pellicle
That tightens and grows
Like ice-cancers
Strangling the flow.

The valorous heart
Pulsates the last drop
Pores can exude,
Or breaks forth
  Exuberant,
Well with the thaw.

## Artisan

Ideas first
carbonate
on the upper moist
cave mind

fashion drippings solid
to the stalactic tool

drop upon drop
skill-patience builds
drop upon drop
the stalagmitic ideal

shaper and shaped
merge
the column formed

slow perfected strong.

YUGEN 4

Olson
Creeley
Kerouac
and others

Oppenheimer
O'Hara
McClure

Titles in preparation by
TOTEM PRESS

DIANE DIPRIMA - This Kind Of Bird Flies Backwards
Introduction by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

RON LOEWINSOHN - Watermelons
Introduction & preface by William
Carlos Williams & Allen Ginsberg

TOTEM BLUEPLATE no. 1 for FIDEL CASTRO

402 West 20th Street, New York City

Chubby passed two cups to him and he filled them; recapped the bottle and put it under his seat; then sat up. They forced their shoulders down, looked at the screen and sipped their drinks.

Most of the people in the audience were laughing and commenting to each other, but Harry and Chubby laughed as quietly as possible, keeping their comments to a whisper. When their cups were empty Harry ducked behind the seat again, taking fewer precautions, and refilled them. When he filled the cups for the third time the only precaution he took was not to spill any wine. They sat holding their cups loosely, resting them on the seat between their legs; lifting them while still watching the screen and drinking; leaning over towards each other to whisper a comment as a seminaked woman walked across the wide panoramic screen...and laughing. Finishing the 3rd cup they were relaxed and laughing as loudly as the others, but with less provocation. Occasionally laughing while drinking and wine would be spluttered and dribbled down their chins. The woman continued walking and they sat laughing, choking, coughing, trying not to make too much noise and not to spill too much wine...

When Harry poured the last of the wine he put the bottle back with a clink and he and Chubby toasted each other and slowly sipped the last of the wine. When their cups were empty they dropped them to the floor and sat for a few minutes smoking, watching the movie and giggling. Then Chubby said he was getting thirsty. Yeah, me too. How about another bottle. Why not. Think they/ll letya back in. Sure. I/ll tell-em I want somethin in my car. Hey, how about gettin somethin tanibble on? You know, some popcorn or chips. Maybe you/d like some ordurves already.

Harry laughed, then half closed his eyes after Chubby left and stared at the beam of light from the projector, watching the vague smoke drift towards it and then brighten, whirl and float through the ray... drifting deeper into his mood. He wasn/t drunk, though he was a little lightheaded, as was Chubby, from drinking the wine rapidly in the warm theater, but he had a fine glow and was just relaxed enough not to think or be concerned with just how relaxed he was. He was going to laugh and have one hellofagoodtime. There was no danger of killing the mood either by losing it or dragging it. He just drifted between the light, the smoke, the screen, one of the girls at work, CHAR-

LIE'S, Clayton and the trombonist... but mainly sinking further and further into his contentment, his mind laughing (forcing a silly grin of introspection), knowing this was going to be a good night, a good weekend. Not crazy wild. Just a lot of laughs...

As Harry drifted, unconscious of place or time, the people sitting near him (who had overheard their conversation and knew where Chubby had gone) and enjoyed watching them trying to appear nonchalant as they sipped wine, wondered why Chubby had been gone so long and if he would get back in the theater with the bottle or if they would see him being escorted up the aisle by the manager or a cop, or perhaps they would hear him yelling from outside, when Chubby appeared beside Harry, sat down and took 2 bottles from his pockets and handed them to him. Thought I/d get an extra one. You know, just in case.

Harry laughed and took the bottles, put one under the seat, opened the other and filled a cup. While he was pouring Chubby took a full loaf hero sandwich from under his jacket. Harry didn/t notice it, being too busy opening the bottle and pouring the wine, so it was just a blur seen from the side of his eye. When he turned to give Chubby his drink, Chubby was holding the sandwich horizontally, nibbling at the liverwurst hanging over the sides, humming claire de lune and waving his fingers like a harmonica player. The others around them were nudging each other and laughing, some tapping those in front of them and pointing to Chubby as he played the hero sandwich and Harry staring at him, holding a cup of wine. The laughter and craning of necks increased until almost that entire section of the balcony was ignoring the screen and watching the playing of the sandwich. Chubby turned to Harry and rolled his eyes and fluttered his lids, still fanning the sandwich and moving his shoulders to the music. Harry, his hand holding the cup of wine still extended toward Chubby, stared, chuckled, then laughed, the wine spilling over his hand and dripping to Chubby/s pants; his hand slowly falling and the cup tilting until the wine poured out in a steady stream and splashed on their feet; their laughter growing louder, people turning in their seats, looking and laughing as Harry laughed and Chubby laughed, still playing the hero sandwich (his laughter, muffled by the sandwich, sounding weird), slowly bending, over sinking further down and almost about to double

into a ball and roll down the stairs with a steady thump bump, thump bump, still laughing and playing the hero sandwich, when Harry dropped the cup, plop, fell on Chubby/s shoulder and put his arms around him forcing the sandwich from his mouth, burying his face and laughter in Chubby/s jacket.

They remained embraced until their laughter stopped, not from determination but exhaustion; then parted and sat back in their seats with a series of soft sighs. Slowly the attention of the others returned to the screen and the two sat, silent (except for an occasional involuntary snort), wanting and not wanting to look at each other; sitting slightly angled from each other (the sandwich resting on Chubby/s lap); covering their faces with their hands...

Harry breathed deeply and without looking at Chubby told him to put that damn thing away. Chubby mumbled something, put the sandwich up his sleeve, said it/s o k now, and they turned slowly in their seats until they were once more facing the screen. Harry reached under the seat for the bottle and filled 2 cups, handed one to Chubby, still without speaking; speaking to each other only after emptying their cups and refilling them. The hollowness created by their laughter was filled by the wine and as the warmth of relaxation increased they leaned towards each other and once more were whispering comments and laughing.

They drank more rapidly (the bottle being replaced with a clink), their heads barely apart, their elbows on the arm rest between their seats; lifting their drinking arms and tilting their heads back -- each a reflection of the other. And, as they drank their whispering, giggling and laughter grew louder, yet still not boisterous or annoying; in fact amusing.

From making comments upon the action on the screen they progressed to prediction and then to direction: urging the girl shy male star to kiss her, she wont bite...tittering, laughing, reaching for the bottle (clink), watching the wine being poured into the cup (plop, plop, plop), putting the bottle back (clink) -- whatzamatta with that guy? is he nutsor somethin? If I had a broad like that runnin afta me I/d -- swaying, wine sloshing in the cups, laughing, swallowing, bubbling, choking, wine splashing on their noses, dribbling down their chins, dark spots blotted by pants and shirts -- reaching (clink), only a few

drops left, watching the last drop plop into the cup, still one left (clink); two empties; good show, eh Chubb? cups refilled (getting soft and soggy, dented, don/t squeeze too tight, please don/t squeeza the banana -- held by the bottom in the palm of the hand); where/s the otha ones -- all gone -- no more haha -- no (clink) more (bottle resting on his lap) -- come fill me with the old familiar juice -- HUH HUH -- she slinks, semidressed, toward him; hair over the side of her face; hips liquid; rubs his cheeks then pushes her hands thru his hair, down his neck and back; sways in front of him, all virtues and charms (almost all) displayed; the voice throaty, begging... he asks her what she wants -- OOOOO whattza matta? yacraze? HAHAHA -- He/d betta go ta Denmark -- HUH HUH (cups squashed and dropped to the floor, the bottle passed back and forth), drinking in large gulps, small drops trickling down their chins and adams apples -- she forces him back onto a couch, bends over him, gives him the look and kisses him... he kicks and waves his arms -- I toldja they was all fruit in Hollywood -- the struggling stopped; soft music -- don/t fight it, enjoy it HA HA HA -- holding the bottle up; not much left; get somemore -- OOOO please don/t squeeza the banana; only a drink left; save me some; a gulp, ahhh -- here -- rubbing his mouth with the back of his hand, empty bottle passed back (clink) -- no more; all gone; three dead soldiers -- HUHHUHHUH -- hey daddy, I wahn ice cream. Shaddup an drink yabeer. HEHEHE, that guy/s nuts -- HUHHUHHUH; I can/t HAHAHA -- what/z he HEHHEHHEH -- the screen wavering and blurred; images tumbling about -- HAHHEHHUHHOHOHEHHUHHAHOO...

Please be quiet sir. You/re disturbing the others. The usher finished his prescribed speech and duty and was turning to walk away when Chubby suddenly jumped up, whipped out his hero sandwich and started fencing with him -- Un Guard!!! He brandished the sandwich in front of the usher/s face; parried thrusts; stepped aside as a lunging sword just missed his chest; parried again and with perfect execution and grace watched another thrust pass; then stooping low, left knee bent and right leg extended behind, he parried the last lunge and thrust home. TOUCHE!!! piercing the usher, mortally, a little to the left of his second brass button. Chubby watched him slump to the floor, proud of his victory, yet with some regret at having killed so noble an adversary... The sandwich bent slightly with the thrust and

a piece of liverwurst fell on the usher/s shoe. He stared at it for a moment (all he had intended to do was deliver his speech and leave and now he was standing in front of a drunk waving a hero sandwich and there was liverwurst on his shoe) until his head was forced up by the tip of Chubby/s sword. Harry stood up and tried to speak in a high falsetto, but phlegm stuck in his throat causing his words to sound gargled. My HERGGO! then he roared, leaned on Chubby/s shoulder; Chubby roared, the sandwich hanging from his hand, the liverwurst dropping to the rug. Harry tripped over the bottles as he pushed Chubby out into the aisle, and they bounced clinkingly down the step.

Harry/s eyes were tearing and he bounced off the banister as he went down the stairs, Chubby behind him. They reached the first landing and turned to continue, half bent with laughter, stumbling, falling... Chubby raised himself to his knees, holding his stomach, whining hysterically, saliva dribbling from his mouth -- Harry felt sand under his nails, pulled himself up, heard a thump and continued stumbling down the staircase; banged through the doors (turning to look for Chubby expecting to see him roll down the stairs, ass and head; ass and head; ass and head), then careened out to the street. His momentum carried him to the corner where he leaned against the fender of a car, laughing... just laughing... not trying to stop or continue, not wondering where Chubby was; not thinking about the fencing scene or CHARLIE'S and the group or how he felt; not conscious of the saliva dripping down his chin; not even thinking of having another drink; just laughing...

Then there were shadows, voices... then people. That/s the other one. OK buddy, comeon. A policeman grabbed his arm and they followed the usher and the manager back into the theater, hurried through the lobby and into the manager/s office. Chubby was sitting on a stool in the corner, another policeman in front of him, smoking and still smiling. You/re sure it was these two? O yes sir. They/re the ones. I/m sure. I don/t know which one turned over the cigarette urn, but I/m absolutely certain they/re the ones. You see I heard a dis-- OK, OK. Thanks. You can go now.

The usher backed out of the office and the cop walked between Chubby and Harry, rubbed the knuckles of his right hand with the

palm of his left and asked what--in--the--hell they thought this was, a gymnasium or something? annoyed at being called and at Chubby/s stupid grin (looking insolent to him), but wanting to make an impression on the manager, knowing he never forgot a favor. He stepped in front of Chubby and slapped the cigarette from his mouth. His aim wasn/t perfect and in knocking it out he burned his hand. He grunted, held his hand for a second and when he looked back to Chubby he had the same stupid grin on his face. He grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket, slammed his head against the wall, slapped him a half dozen times, then shoved him into the chair.

Harry watched, not unseeingly, but uncomprehendingly; still incapable of forcing his mind to work. Somewhere there was a vague remembrance of a sound but the only thing definite was laughter, that/s all, laughter. He was leaning against the car, laughing. That wasn/t a memory. That must be what he/s doing now and all this is something else. What was wrong? That was Chubby. He recognized him. He/s still laughing; and it looks like wine trickling down his chin. There/s nothing wrong. We/re both laughing... He started to take a step towards Chubby, but the other cop poked him, hard, in the stomach with his nightstick. Go ahead you sonofabitch. Start something. Just start something tough guy.

Harry instinctively clutched his stomach, confused and still unable to understand what had and was happening. The cop turned back to Chubby and told him to give them his identification. Chubby handed him his wallet and the cop slapped him on the chest with it and told him he wanted his identification, not his wallet. Who do you think you/re trying to buy off? He grabbed the draft card from Chubby/s hand. 19. Another one of those punks who thinks he/s a big brave man because he has a draft card. Can/t you think of anything better to do than sit in a movie drinking cheap wine and damaging property? The cop growled in the accustomed manner, no longer deliberate, but habitual, and stood in front of Chubby, glaring at him as he did everyone else in the same position, expecting the face to be lowered and some sort of apology murmered at which he would yell for him to speak up and when it had been repeated he would curse him, tell him he/s lucky that he/s not going to lock him up and then tell him

to get the hell home -- yet hoping, looking at the still smirking face, that he would give him some sort of wisecrack and afford him an excuse to slap his face again. Chubby/s first attempt at speech was incoherent and slobbering. What? It washn/t sheep. He didn/t take time to enjoy the fulfillment of his wish, but swung immediately, knocking him over the chair and to the floor. Chubby gradually sat up, his head hanging and rolling. The cop turned to Harry and asked him how old he was? Perhaps he didn/t understand the question, or perhaps it just got jumbled in his mind. He didn/t know (nor would he remember later), but for some reason (if there was a reason) he said 76. (Still a hint of laughter inside that needed only to hear someone else laughing or for Chubby to turn and smile to revive it, and then they/d be back outside (I don/t think we/re there now) and could start over again, from the car, or go to CHARLIE'S) He heard the slap, then another. Still nothing, but vaguely aware that now the laughter was gone, yet still not understanding. He thought he remembered a sound. Or was that imagined?

Whattah yawant us to do with/em Mark? The manager, upset at the slapping, looking at them on the floor, thinking of the reports that would have to be made, the explanations and reassurances given if they were arrested -- Nothing Jim. They didn/t break the urn. No real damage done. Just kick them out and forget about it.

They were quickly jerked to their feet, taken out to the street and walked to the corner. They told Chubby to go up to 4th avenue and Harry down to Ridge Blvd., and if you give anybody any more trouble we/ll split your skulls open.

Harry turned when he reached Ridge Blvd. and staggered over to the school steps and sat down. He rested his head on his hands then lifted his head and looked at the small smear of blood on the palm of his hand. He couldn/t taste it, but it must be real. But it didn/t make any sort of sense. There wasn/t any fight. Just laughing. We weren/t even drunk... How? There wasn/t even a beginning to go back to. I don/t even know what time it is...

He rubbed his face, the back of his neck, and looked at the tree a few feet in front of him and tried to find the sky. The red and amber traffic lights on the corner were blinking.

He fumbled thru his pockets looking for a cigarette but couldn/t find any. O shit! SHIT! He stared at the sidewalk for a moment, then slowly stood up, holding on to the fence, and started walking home...

Alfred Siegel

# The Cantos' Ideograms: Translations

THE CANTOS OF EZRA POUND – SECOND PRINTING
CORRECTED EDITION
**New Directions**

CANTO LI

p. 46

(left) cheng4 Upright; true. (a) Orthodox, correct, regular. Authorized. (b) Exact. Straight, formal. (c) Just; at the time of, during. (d) To adjust; to regulate; to correct. (e) Principal as opposed to secondary. Chief. (f) Original. (g) The right side of a thing. (h) read chenq1 The first month of the year. (i) The centre of a target.

(right) ming2 A name. Reputation. Fame.

...cheng4 ming2 – to define the correct terms.

CANTO LII

p. viii

yao4 (rays ideogram) Glory; brightness; splendor; honour. Inter. preceding.

p. 7

chih3 To stop; to desist. (a) to rest in; to detain (b) Only.

CANTO LIII

p. 9

YAO2 High, eminent. A celebrated emperor who is said to have reigned 2357-2255 B. C.

CHUN (SHUN4) Name of a legendary Chinese ruler, said to have ruled from 2255-2205 B. C. Wise; good.

YU3 The name of the reputed founder of the Hsia dynasty, 2205 B. C.

Yao, Shun, Yu, and Tang, four ancient rulers during the golden age of Chinese history.

Yao handed down the empire to Shun.

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**Neon**

p. 10
(top) KAO1 To praise; to bless. High, eminent. (a) A marsh; banks of a marsh: pool in a marsh. (b) To announce. A long drawn out sound. (c) The testicles ...this is a name
(bottom) TAO2 A kiln for burning pottery or earthenware (a) To be pleased (b) read yao2. Name of a man in ancient history.
p. 11
hsin1 New; recent; fresh.
jih4 The sun. A day. Daily.
jih4
hsin1
hsia4 Summer. (a) Great, spacious. An ancient name for China. Name of Hsia (HIA) dynasty.
p. 14
chao1 To encircle. All round, everywhere. (a) Complete, entire, whole. Name of Chou (TCHEOU) dynasty. (b) Comprehensive, catholic. (c) To relieve, assist. (d) Near, as relatives. (e) Dense, as dwelling (f) A place (in the present Shensi) from which the Chou dynasty got its name. A surname. See LVI, p. 55: TCHEU, "pro-Tcheou".
p. 18
chung4 The second in order of birth. The younger of two.
ni2 A nun. (a) A mountain
...chung4 ni2 The style of confucius.
...see LVI, p. 54: Chung Ni is Confucius.
p. 20
See p. 14
CANTO LIV
p. 24
See p. 11, LIII
CANTO LV
p. 36
(right) jen2 Perfect virtue, free from selfishness, the ideal of Confucius. "To love men without selfishness may be called jen." The inner love for men which prompts to just deeds "Unselfish love is the foundation of good conduct." Benevolence, charity, humanity, love. (E. P.: Humanitas, humanity, in the full sense of the word, "manhood." The

man and his full contents.)
che3 A pronoun -- this, that, it, which, he, who, those who, etc. A particle imparting adjectival or adverbial shades of meaning to words to which it is joined.
13 By, through, with. An instrumental preposition. A sign of the object which it precedes. Can often be translated by take.
ts'ai2 Wealth, property, valuables. Bribes.
fa1.5 To issue forth, to put or to send forth. To rise. To manifest. To issue stores.
shen1 The body. The person. The hull. Oneself; I, me. A lifetime.
pu4.5 Not; a negative.
(left) All appear on the right hand side.
...See GUIDE TO KULCHER, p. 273. This is taken from the TA HSIO, X, 20, p. 83; text begins 4th column from right, 5th ideogram down: **New Directions**.

> "Good king is known by his spending, ill lord by his taking." The humane man uses his wealth as a means to distinction, the inhumane becomes a mere harness, an accessory to his takings.

CANTO LVI
p. 48
See LIII, p. 3
p. 54
See LIII, p. 18
p. 55
YAO See LIII, p. 9
SHUN See LIII, p. 9
HAN4 Name of a dynasty. Belonging to China. The Milky Way. The Han River. Hankow.
TCHEU See LIII, p. 14
CANTO LVII
p. 59
luan3 To transform, to change.
CANTO LX
p. 79
See LI, p. 46

CANTO LXI
p. 84
fu2.5 Happiness, good fortune. Happy, blessed.
CANTO LXII
p. 87
ch'a2 The tea plant. An infusion of the leaves or any other infusion.
CANTO LXIII
See LI, p. 46
CANTO LXVI
See LI, p. 46
CANTO LXVIII
See LI, p. 46
CANTO LXX
p. 159
chung1 The middle, "pivot," "balance."

## THE PISAN CANTOS

CANTO LXXIV
p. 7
ming2 Bright, clear, intelligent. Light, brilliant. To understand, to illustrate. To cleanse.
p. 8
mo4.5 A negative; not; do not; there is not.
CANTO LXXVI
p. 32
See LXX, p. 59
shih4 To test, to try, to experiment. To examine; examination. To use. Trained, disciplined.
CANTO LXXVII
Explicated by EP, p. 54
CANTO LXXVIII
p. 60
tao4 A road; a way; a path. From which comes the idea of The Way; the Truth. A doctrine. A principle. Reason.

CANTO LXXIX
p. 64
tzu2 Words; speech. A sentence, an expression or phrase. A message; instructions; statements. A form of poetical composition.
chien4 Classic Anthology, Ode 230, p. 143. "E. P. remembered this ideogram incorrectly; this ideogram is no. 5956 and means: 'Intelligent, successful. To apprehend.' This ideogram, together with the previous ideogram is part of the phrase, 'in language it is simply required that it conveys the meaning'."
p. 65
huang2 Yellow. It was the imperial color.
niao3 Birds
See LII, p. 7
CANTO LXXX
p. 76
See LXXVIII, p. 54
p. 77
ch'uan3 The dog
CANTO LXXXII
p. 103
See LV, p. 36
CANTO LXXXIII
p. 110
wu4.5 A negative. Not; do not.
chu4 To aid, to help, to assist.
ch'ang Long, of space or time. Profitable. Excelling.
...Do not assist it to grow - let it grow naturally. (This is the meaning of the above ideograms.)
CANTO LXXXIV
p. 117
See LXXIV, p. 7
p. 118
See LXX, p. 59

(This is the first of two installments. NEON 5 will contain the Rock Drill translations.)

# Contributors

**Lorine Niedecker** lives in Wisconsin. This is her first appearance in NEON. A New Yorker, **Joel Oppenheimer's** first book, THE DUTIFUL SON, was brought out by Jonathan Williams' JARGON PRESS. **Max Finstein**, currently living in New York, has published in THE NAKED EAR. **David Galler** recently gave a reading sponsored by POETRY BROADSIDE. **David Rafael Wang** has appeared in EDGE. **Kenneth L. Beaudoin** was most recently published in HEARSE. **Louis Zukofsky**, long unheeded, continues as one of the finest of the older poets. **John R. Haag** appeared in NEON 2. **K. P. A. Taylor** is a doctor. His work has appeared in many little magazines. Another (ex) doctor, who needs no introduction, is **William Carlos Williams**. **Paul Goodman's** reputation continues to grow in "unofficial" circles - although the money boys have done their best to ignor him. **Eric Cashen** has appeared most recently in BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW. **Sam Abrams** returns to NEON's pages after skipping no. 3. **Jack Freiwald** is currently in the Army. **Mason Jordan Mason** and **Judson Crews** both live in New Mexico. **Ben Tibbs'** piece is from a book in progress. **Lewis Turco** makes his first appearance in NEON. **George Moorse** is to be published in a ZERO anthology of young poets. **Sid Shapiro** makes his home in New York. **Cleon Marquis** lives in Iowa. **Jose Martinez** has recently moved to Texas. **E. W. Northnagel** makes his first appearance in NEON. His work has appeared in EXISTERIA. **Hubert Selby** has recently published in BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW. Long a student of contemporary literature, **Alfred Siegel** teaches in New York.

# Items

Catullus - The Complete Poetry, by Frank O. Copley (The University of Michigan Press; 3.75): a brilliant translation of all of the Roman poet's work, combining scholarly perspicacity and subtle control of poetics. A beautiful book.

Much of Paul Goodman's work is available directly from him. Write 142 West 23rd Street, N.Y.C.

The two poems by Louis Zukofsky are from his book BARELY AND WIDELY, available through Celia Zukofsky, 135 Willow Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.